





## OUR LONDON LETTER.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE YOUNGER SPROS OF ENGLISH ROYALTY.

Influences of a Good Wife upon a Worthless Husband—Mary Anderson Case—Temperance—Etc.

LONDON, November 1, 1883.

"The head that wears a crown" may be uneasy enough, but a young fellow to whom this affliction is only a prospective one can have in these days about as free and rollicking a time as he pleases. Such was the experience of the Prince of Wales, and such, no doubt, will be that of his eldest son, Albert Victor, who has just been entered as a student at Cambridge University. This scion of royalty will not find the duties of college life very exacting. He is to dine, to be sure, with the Professors, and will not, therefore, be allowed to eat his soup with a fork or blow his nose with the table napkin; but these restraints are mere trifles in comparison with the sum of fun he will enjoy in other matters. In his own estimation, which he has six, he will be monarch of all he surveys, not excepting the clergyman who is supposed to be his governor, and he will be more than human, and very different from his father, if he does not join the boys once in a while in a college shindig. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not be quite the

GAY SPARK THIS DADDY WAS.

Cambridge happens to be only about a dozen miles from Newmarket, and the Prince of Wales, much to the disgust of his pious mother, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to cultivate an early love for the sports of the turf. His escapades at the race course and on the way thither are talked of to the present day, and a traveler covering the same journey can see at the wayside publicans many interesting relics of those days, for instance, a tombstone cut out of whalebone, dyed in bitters, and the rustic lais, now a buxom dame, who waited upon him. Albert Victor, contrary to expectation, missed the Cæsarean and Cambridge-shire, but he will have another chance in the early spring, and no doubt the drag-and-fun which has already become a conspicuous object in the narrow streets of the University town will be brought into requisition to convey its royal owner to Newmarket health. Meanwhile he takes an

OCCASIONAL STURT ON THE RIVER,

And does not disdain to use his pedal exercitiae in the football field. The theatrical theater has also been honored by his patronage. In his love for the stage, the young Prince is a chief of the block with several others added. Actresses long upon the wings, minus of course the wings and several other trifling attributes, and his youthful ambition has been cast in his lot with them. He has had the stage fever in its most violent form; has long regarded Henry Irving as a bigger man than his illustrious father, and has several times, it is said, cursed the luck that prevents him from following in that great actor's footsteps.

THE TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.

It is still spreading here, and the most encouraging sign that the consciousness of property-owners are being aroused. The Duke of Wellington has just announced that upon the extensive property which he owns in the city of Westminster no new licenses for public houses shall be granted, nor any leases for existing ones renewed. I learn, too, that the criticism to which the Established Church has been exposed respecting its ownership of public houses has had some effect. This body owns a drinking establishment of doubtful repute in a crowded London parish, and a new tenant being wanted, the Commissioners have accepted just half the rent they were offered by a brewing firm, on the understanding that it will be closed as a liquor shop and converted into a boys' school. At the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, held recently at Manchester, and attended by several prominent M. P.'s, a prohibition was announced to be the ultimatum of temperance hope for this country, and, pending that consummation, local option was demanded. Mr. Gladstone was censured for his tardiness in giving legislative effect to a late Parliamentary resolution on the latter subject, and some of the M. P.'s declared that if the Prime Minister delayed much longer they would bolt his party.

BREEZY MATRIMONIAL SEAS.

A large number of people, including her father—a clergyman of the Church of England—are intensely indignant because Miss Alexandra, a well-bred, honest, homely girl, is to be the bride of a second-hand, unfeeling English gentleman which all admit that he now is. She seems to never weary in helping him out of difficulties and setting him right before the public; the latest instance of how he can't put his foot in it, and how willing she is to extricate the unruly member, being

THE MARY ANDERSON AFFAIR.

An ordinary wife would have acted very differently from the Princess in a case of that kind. First, there would have been anger at the Prince for trying in her absence to gain an introduction to the actress, then indignation at the actress for her curt refusal of his patronage. But the gentle Alexandra rises superior to such feelings as these, and, though the world goes on, and, don't you see, out of love for her, she acts as mediator, not only bringing the two together, but doing it in such a way as to impress both with the idea that their acquaintance would give her the most unbound pleasure. Everything now is lovely in that quarter, for American pluck has been vindicated, the Prince has grasped the fair hand of the actress, and the gracious Princess looks on and smiles a happy "Bless ye, my children."

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

Will remain at Cambridge for only one school year. He went there in obedience to the wish of his father; but in the education of a Prince other things than the wishes of parents must be considered, and so, to prevent hard feelings between the two Universities, he will spend a few months further along at Oxford. Then, at the request of his royal grandmother, he will stay at Balmoral Castle. There he will be the honored Prince Consort was educated there, for the Queen, even in the extravagance of her grief over the death of John Brown, has not quite forgotten her late husband, and in various little sentimental ways she still testifies her respect for him. But, aside from the sentiment involved, there can be an appropriateness in a young Prince who has not a

DROP OF PURE ENGLISH BLOOD.

In his veins flowing his education in a foreign country, and it is hardly to be expected that a people who are willing to have foreigners reign over them will make any objection to this course. How long it will be ere Prince Victor, should he live, will become King of England is of course beyond human ken to determine. There are two lives between him and this goal, one of them, though old, very tough, for I am told that the deacon of Victoria's physical power, whose proportion is equal to the rapid decay which seems to be settling down upon his mental faculties. The Prince of Wales, however, is not strong, though he is getting corpulent. Since his severe illness twelve years ago he has had to be very careful of himself. Many predict that he will never reach the throne, simply because his mother will outlive him. But that the Prince

INTENTS TO CHEAT THESE PROPHETS.

If he is, can be seen in the trouble he takes to bundle himself up as he emerges from the theater into the night air, and in that abstemiousness of diet which leads him to confine himself at the richest banquets to the plainest food. As to whether or not, in the event of his surviving his grandmother and father, the young man now at Cambridge will ever ascend the throne, much depends upon the political situation. Radicalism continues to expand as it has done in recent years, such an event would be doubtful, and that the Liberal party is falling into Radical hands becomes more apparent every day. That party is now committed to universal household suffrage, and will carry it unless all signs fail, in less than two years, and the first general election afterwards, conducted under the provisions of the corrupt practices bill, which seems specially designed for the slaughter of Parliamentary money bags, will witness an upsurge such as the country has not known for generations. The House of Lords may well tremble for the consequences when the people shall be heard in this fashion, and, of course, with the hereditary Upper House abolished, the Crown will be placed in jeopardy. The growing

FINANCIAL BURDENS OF ROYALTY.

Are very keenly felt, and the pressure will be heavier as the children of the heir apparent come of age; and if to this there should happen to be added a career of flagrant recklessness on the part of the prospective Prince of Wales, such as he rendered some former claimants of that high position, public opinion would certainly be strained and endurance, and by some means or other the prince would be glad of a few additional points in regard to the man who will be brought to trial shortly for having taken the life of one of these.

SEVERAL THINGS IN O'DONNELL'S CASE APPEAR TO BE SETTLED. The American lawyers will be treated with every courtesy consistent with international custom, and the man will be ably defended. The Court, moreover, has shown a purpose to give the defense ample time to get ready. I note, too, a gradual subsidence of national feeling on the subject, and an abatement among the English people of any prejudice against the accused. In fact, the English Government, during the trial, has been more ships in the harbor than have ever been congregated here since those old good times. A number of whaling vessels that happen to be in port add to the resemblance. The ferry boat, the Piedmont, which has been lying white and shining in the second slip on the Oakland side for so long, made her trial trip on Tuesday, taking a pleasant party around the bay and a little beyond the heads. She is a very pretty boat, narrower in the beam than those that ply now, and therefore more graceful; whether more swift, therefore, is yet to be tested. Pleasant study of the bay has been afforded those living on this side who have boldly intruded themselves not only to the bounding billow, but in Oakland, to attend

MISS CORSON'S COOKING SCHOOL.

In the Church of the Second Adventists; that is, in the lecture-rooms of that church, where a gas range and a long table have been set up on a platform, where daily Miss Corson delivers a lecture on cooking, and nearly a hundred ladies sit about the room and take notes of recipes and instructions. It is the most unique thing in the world. The interest amounts to enthusiasm, and Miss Corson herself is a genuine artist. First and foremost, she cooks in a pretty walking dress, unprofessed by an apron; in white linen cuffs, which she does not remove even while cutting soup meat from the bones, and those cuffs and that dress are as immaculate when she steps down from the platform as when she first mounted it. Second, her neatness in all matters connected with her subject is a model for the consideration of all. Third, she is a perfect walking dress, unprofessed by an apron; in white linen cuffs, which she does not remove even while cutting soup meat from the bones, and those cuffs and that dress are as immaculate when she steps down from the platform as when she first mounted it. Third, her neatness in all matters connected with her subject is a model for the consideration of all. Fourth, she is a perfect walking dress, unprofessed by an apron; in white linen cuffs, which she does not remove even while cutting soup meat from the bones, and those cuffs and that dress are as immaculate when she steps down from the platform as when she first mounted it.

IT IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS.

To see her work with such large materials in such limited space, with so little confusion and untidiness, and, so far, absolutely no accident or failure. Her method is to read the bill of fare and select, to begin with, the dish which takes the longest to prepare. This is usually a roast, a soup or sweet breads. She shows the ingredients just as they come from the butcher's hands, and takes the class every step of the way the serving of the article which is passed about among the hundred, when it comes smoking from the range, until it is cut up and eaten by frequent samples on its progress round the room. Many of the dishes of them indeed, are sold. A cold dish that she made to day, a Russian salad, to be accurate, a perfect symphony in colors, white turnips, green peas, mangel beets, and golden carrots, cut by an instrument into long bits the size of a girl's finger, was so captivating that Miss Corson was obliged to meet the outburst of enthusiasm with the moderating intelligence that the dish had been sold before it was made. She brings her own pots, kettles, saucepans, baking pans, larding needles and tools at large, with her from New York. All the pots and pans are copper, tinned on the inside, and her knives are of wonderful point and edge, which she does not hesitate to increase, when necessary.

## SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

### THE NEW FERRY BOAT PIEDMONT AND BAY SCENES.

Miss Corson's Cook School—Notes of Art—A House-warning Given by a Bachelor—Loring Club Concert.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1883.

If the California pioneers who made their homes in Sacramento should chance to visit San Francisco this week they would find the bay like what it was in the immortal days of '49. Really there are said to be more ships in the harbor than have ever been congregated here since those old good times. A number of whaling vessels that happen to be in port add to the resemblance.

The Ferry boat, the Piedmont, which has been lying white and shining in the second slip on the Oakland side for so long, made her trial trip on Tuesday, taking a pleasant party around the bay and a little beyond the heads. She is a very pretty boat, narrower in the beam than those that ply now, and therefore more graceful; whether more swift, therefore, is yet to be tested. Pleasant study of the bay has been afforded those living on this side who have boldly intruded themselves not only to the bounding billow, but in Oakland, to attend

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## A BOOK-TRADE SECRET.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE BOOKS? The junkmen, the real coroners of books, both good and bad, could tell the tale better than anybody else. But there is no one better to know what becomes of many volumes before they find their way to destruction, than they are found bought or sold as all. There is no need to explain the very few books which are written and bought to be read; and first editions and rare volumes have a fictitious value which is well understood, for bibliomaniacs generally outbid the junkmen, and postpone the inevitable day of "old paper" period a few years longer. But while books are still new, what becomes of them? Hundreds of copies are published in this country every day and thousands of different books every year. Of course, only a small proportion of these books are read, or kept to be read. If authorship or publication depended entirely upon the patronage of readers, the number of writers and publishers would be very small.

"Of course," said the smiling manager of one of the large up-town retail bookstores, "there is a notion that books are made to be read, but really that is a notion that ought to be out of date.

"What are they used for? Well, largely as presents. Of course the Christmas presents are most all of this class, but they are by no means all that are consumed as presents. Nobody ever reads a book given to him. You see that to him, I count as selling a book or it for presentation within ten days. You see the birthdays of wives and daughters and sweethearts and preachers come all the year round."

The Bible used at the 250th anniversary of the First Church in Hartford, Conn., was the one used by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, the first pastor, and was the Geneva edition, published thirty years before King James' Bible.

We must carry up our affection to the memory of the books mentioned above, where charity is the measure, fidelity is the gate, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion of his people for evermore. —[Johnson.]

A voice has come to the earth, all the way from the eternal world, warning, and commanding, and entreating us "to give not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption." To obey is to inherit blessing.—[Sprague.]

We can all set our daily deities, to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn, the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent, like the voice of a singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.—[W. M. Taylor.]

The Bible embodies all that a Christian can need; it is his only chart through this tempestuous life; in trouble it is his consolation, in prosperity his monitor, in difficulty his guide; amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day star that illumines the path, makes his eye bright with hope, and enters his soul with the prospect of immortal glory.—[Rev. Dr. Waterbury.]

Along the pages of the late Dr. Basty we find, from his beginning thus: "All that I possess was received from God. He has prospered me in worldly circumstances above my expectations or wishes. I am but his steward. With myself and mine I desire to glorify Him." Then follow certain resolutions thus: "As to his income, closing up the market?" "Well," said a book-jobber, "you know there is the Sunday-school trade. I put my worst books off on them very often—I mean my worst selling books. They are all good, you know, too good for the public, and the public don't buy em." Whether anybody ever reads them or not I have no means of knowing.

But there are other ways by which the book is marked up, and in some cases the distribution of books as presents and storing them away in country libraries. They are used, as everybody knows, largely as furniture. Then they are sold by the yard. All retail book-dealers receive orders from rich people for libraries of such and such dimensions; that is to say, enough books to fill so many shelves. In filling such orders as those more attention, of course, is paid to binding than to literary qualities of books. They are all good, you know, too good for the public, and the public don't buy em." Whether anybody ever reads them or not I have no means of knowing.

There is a second touch of the Apostle's spirit, which is his only chart through this tempestuous life; in trouble it is his consolation, in prosperity his monitor, in difficulty his guide; amid the darkness of death, and while descending into the shadowy valley, it is the day star that illumines the path, makes his eye bright with hope, and enters his soul with the prospect of immortal glory.—[Rev. Dr. Waterbury.]

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# THE DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY..... NOVEMBER 24, 1883

## THIS MORNING'S NEWS.

In New York Government bonds are quoted at 122 for 4s of 1907, 114 $\frac{1}{2}$  for 4s, 101 for 3s; sterling, \$4 83 $\frac{1}{2}$  85 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 100 $\frac{1}{2}$  for 3s, 100 for 5s; silver bars, 110.

Silver in London, 50 11-16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; consols, 101 11-16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 5 per cent. United States bonds, extended, 105; 4s, 124 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 4s, 117.

In San Francisco Mexican dollars are quoted at 89 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents.

Mining stocks continue dull in San Francisco, with but little change in rates.

A destructive forest fire is raging near Huntington, Pa.

The father of Zora Burns, the murdered Illinois girl, is at the warden for vengeance.

New York city is making great preparations for the celebration of Centennial Evacuation Day next Monday.

A man was fined \$1,000 for whipping another in Chicago.

A. B. Johnson, who suicided in Utica, N. Y., recently is said to have been a defaulter in the sum of \$600,000.

The Salvation Army is causing trouble in Kingston, Ont.

A hal was refused to Farrell in Cork, in which to address his constituents.

A horrible story of brutality on shipboard comes from New York.

Villard's new residence in New York will cost \$1,000,000.

A movement is on foot to purchase a \$50,000 annuity for General Fremont.

A remarkable religious revival has just closed at Danville, Ill.

At a banquet to be given to Parnell in Dublin, speeches will be delivered in the native tongue.

Captain Samuel Richardson Knox, U. S. N., is dead.

An electrical exhibition in Vienna resulted in a deficit of \$30,000 florins.

A Court-martial has been ordered to meet at Fort Snelling.

The Ship Island quarantine station will be continued during the winter.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the famous female lawyer, is in trouble at Washington.

The case of Mrs. Ellen Cotten vs. Leland Stanford et al. has been continued at Santa Rosa, until December 1st.

George W. Tyler, counsel for Miss Hill, in the Hill-Sharon case, at San Francisco, has around the indignation of the Grand Jury by writing them a letter.

A Mexican wife-beater has been placed in jail at Tompkins, A. T., for 25 days.

Fire at Jarvis Landing, Alameda county.

An incendiary fire occurred near Grass Valley Thursday morning.

Frank James, the train robber, is dying of consumption.

A daring robbery occurred Thursday night at Fort Benton, Mont.

The salary of the Archbishop of Paris is to be reduced from 45,000 francs a year to 15,000.

A new coal discovery has been made near Salt Lake.

Andy Taylor was hanged at London, Tenn.—the first private execution that ever took place in the State.

The Civil Commissioner in Tongkin has disbanded the forces of the Yellow Flags, on account of their barbarity and acts of rapine.

Russian political prisoners receive horrible treatment in the Peter and Paul fortress.

A horrible double murder is reported from Hickman, Ky.

At New Westminster, B. C., Dr. Masters, charged with malpractice, was found not guilty.

A fire in Chinatown at Victoria destroyed about forty houses.

Arnold Foster dropped dead near Echo, Oregon, Thursday.

Special attention is called this morning to the reading matter contained upon the inside pages.

**THE PERSONAL DUTY OF THE CITIZEN—THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE RULER.**

We may not say that the citizen of today does not know his duty. But we can say with truth that he very often neglects it. In fact, the neglect is greater than the observance. On the assumption that to vote—which is the final exercise of peaceful sovereignty—is a duty, and it cannot be established that it is not, it is clear that citizens violate an obligation of citizenship when they neglect it. In Chicago the recent vote fell short more than one-third the total vote according to the register. In New York city from 30,000 to 50,000 citizens fail to vote who might easily exercise their duty. These non-voters constitute the very class which, if it voted, would be most likely to cast the ballot on the side of sleekness in all things.

There are two principal reasons for the neglect complained of—distrust with the method of machine politics and an apathy that comes of the disposition to make the duty of citizenship subordinate to the selfish duties of business. There is, however, another cause related to the former, and is found in the selfish and dangerous pride of some men who hold that they cannot bemean themselves by descent to the agents of the people. This class is really the most dangerous. The others may be roused by appeals; patriotic impulses will inspire them at times, but the selfishly proud class is to be driven out of its stronghold only when the very existence of the Government is menaced and their own peace and possessions endangered. But the mere act of voting is not the only duty of the citizen who desires the perpetuity of republican institutions. Precedent to that is the necessity for engaging in the methods of preparing for the exercise of the right of suffrage.

Dr. Cooley, in his recent consideration of a cognate subject, treats this question so forcibly that we cannot do better than to adhere to the line of reasoning he has adopted. In America the people rule; they are the rightful source of all authority. As they cannot conveniently act in their individual capacities in governing, they create trusts, and to the discharge thereof appoint agents, who act under laws made by the people according to the terms, restrictions, surrenders and grants of a compact termed the Constitution. To that extent all private interests are subordinate to the public interest. Law-making under such a system is a delicate and difficult matter. There must, then, be willingness on the part of each citizen to be taught by experience and events. The laws, to be of value, must be enforced. It follows that every person interested in the system must do his duty, if the laws are to have any vitality.

If there was here one personal ruler, and for private concerns he abandoned the watchfulness he ought to exercise over public affairs, we would condemn him, because such neglect would be equivalent to consenting to the domination of the lawless element that requires constant vigilance for its subordination. So the qualification of the ruler is very high, and as here the people are the rulers, their responsibility is very great. Nor, because the ruler is maintained through the aggregate expression of will, is the personal and individual responsibility of each one contributing to that aggregation lessened. If the aggregate wisdom and virtue of the people is to rule, it must arise out of individual virtue and wisdom.

Now, then, we neglect the means employed

to choose candidates from among whom we are to select our agents to give effect to the popular will, we really surrender to the vicious elements the advantage. The responsibility of the citizen, as it never leaves him and cannot be laid aside, is therefore avoided when he permits the pernicious element to control party machinery, and is estopped from objecting that he cannot engage in political contests, nor yet vote, because the primal marks of which he complains are wrong—for they are wrong because of his primal neglect. Nor when the agents are chosen has a time arrived when the citizen can lay by his responsibility. He is the sovereign, and as such his watchfulness and supervision as a wise ruler can have no rest. Every successive act of the agent must be regarded as a continual manifestation of the will of the citizen. To admit that any of the agencies employed to make manifest the will of the ruler in a republic can fail, is to admit the failure of the system of self-government.

There are duties, then, incumbent upon the citizen which are not, and cannot be, prescribed by laws or Constitutions, for laws cannot be self-executing, and the chief executive is the will, sentiment and voice of the people. It is because of this fact that an omnibus law cannot be enforced, and that we have what are known as dead letters on the statute books, and even in the Constitution—for the sentiment of the ruler often rises superior to the written law and nullifies it. Cooley points out that this is true of very many laws, such as that against the killing of a human being where the peace and virtue of the family of the slayer has been invaded, and the laws against gaming, etc. In delegating power to an officer we do not then relieve ourselves of responsibility, or the necessity for that daily supervision which is as much the duty of the aggregate, as of the individual ruler. We thus come down to the verdict the learned scholar reaches: "The citizens who evades his duties, or leaves them to be performed by self-chosen and mercenary rulers, is guilty of a crime against the State and against free institutions in general."

There are a score or more of duties incumbent upon the citizen that by law he cannot prescribe for himself—as the duty to aid his agents in enforcing the law; to assist charitable associations in work that the State cannot fully accomplish; to prevent cruelty to animals and children; to forbid flagrant violations of the law in his capacity as a sovereign and arrest the offenders and turn him over to the agency appointed to punish him. It would often seem that citizens who know their duty in this regard, evade it on the shallow pretense of the absence of the appointed officer whose special duty it is to interfere. So, too, the making known of infringements of the law and the principles of the Government, is a duty of the citizens that can escape by no sort of excuse. It is his duty, further, to give countenance, support and aid to voluntary, organized and other efforts to reform abuses in the government, for if he does not approve and support such, he oftentimes arrays himself on the side of the evil to be suppressed by his passive attitude. Cooley goes so far in this direction as to declare that the voluntary organizations to preserve public official purity and put down corruption are the most effective, and in vigor rise, very often, superior to the laws. This we know to be true regarding the municipal reforms from time to time accomplished in our great cities, and which would never have been consummated except through the aid given by the law by these voluntary agencies, and the command of the popular voice, expressed frequently by the press. For, says the authority already quoted, corruption in government has the machinery of the law at its back; it invokes the protection of the very ruler that makes the law. "When corruption is installed in power, "it is not less essential that they should act in their capacity of private citizens in cases not prescribed by law, but which nevertheless have a direct and necessary bearing upon good government, that it is they that should cast their ballots for suitable persons in elections or that they should perform jury duty"—which, by the way, the majority of so-called good citizens seek to evade—or bear arms when summoned to the defense of the State. He who fails to recognize this obligation, and suffers wrong and oppression, and fraud and dishonesty, to possess the government when his influence, legitimately exerted, might prevent it, should not be tolerated in complaining of consequent injury nor be countenanced in the assumption that he is a worthy member of a self-governing commonwealth, and himself one of its rulers."

## THE FALSE PROPHET EL MAHDI—WHO HE IS AND HIS PRIBATIONS.

While in the year 1882 the British troops, feebly aided toward the last by the forces of the Porte, were engaged in suppressing the revolt of Arabi Pasha against the constituted authority represented in the person and Council of the Khedive, a rebellion that arose some time before was progressing in the remote Egyptian provinces of the Soudan. Neither the British authorities nor the Turkish or Egyptian Government gave much attention to it. The rebels were far remote and scarcely any one dreamed of their venturing to approach Cairo. The new Minister, Ismail Ryoub Pasha, chosen for the Soudan, was selected with a view of pacifying that section, since he was a native of one of its provinces and a man of wide influence in that region. So far as current history gives us any account, however, he has done nothing toward quelling the Soudan revolt.

The people of that section unquestionably have suffered greatly, not only by the neglect of the Egyptian Government, but by its direct oppressions, its exorbitant levy of taxes and its refusal to protect the people in their vested rights as regards land and its attachments. The Egyptian officials sent out to the region systematically plundered the people, and ruled with

a more absolute despotism than the Kheireddine himself. Here was sufficient cause in itself for a renewal of the long-standing revolt, and the time favoring it, it was entered upon anew by the tribes of the Soudan with a suddenness that surprised the whole country, and a vigor that put the most trained soldier at a disadvantage. But in all revolts there must be a leader. That of the Soudan was found in the person of a bold builder of Dongola, on the west of the Nile, a section at the extreme south of the Soudan. This man, Mohammed Achmet, proclaimed himself as the expected Mehdie, who is looked for to deliver the people and to make the religion Islam (full submission to God), universal. He was said to bear some, if not all, of the physical marks that were to identify the true Messiah; as, for instance, one arm is longer than the other.

The Moslems, it must be recalled, believe Mohammed to have been the last and the only true Prophet, and while they deny the divinity of Jesus, they never used the name of the Saviour without adding the reverential words, "Him be peace." In the great Mosque at El Medine, or the second of the sacred cities, Medina, there is kept a grave for Jesus beside that of the Prophet, and it is a Moslem belief that Christ will one day return to the earth and establish everywhere the religion of Mohammed, who will appear shortly before the day of judgment. Achmet, practicing upon these, and other superstitions of the Moslems, induced them to accept him as their leader under the belief that he was indeed the successor of Mohammed, and the true deliverer of the people. The Sultan has always feared an uprising in Soudan even more than the Khedive, for it bids fair to set a wave of Mohammedan revolt in motion that may overwhelm both Egypt and Turkey, since a large part of the subjects of the Sultan believe him to be a usurper of the Caliphate. A year ago or more we pointed out that if Achmet was not promptly suppressed he might gather a strength that would prove irresistible to Egyptian and Turkish forces, themselves not locally reliable in large part. The events since then have quite justified the prediction.

The False Prophet very soon obtained a large following. His soldiery consisted of the most fanatical Mohammedans and the fanatics of all the Soudan, to whom death for the true religion is an assurance of eternal rapture in the paradise of the faithful. Added to these were African cannibals and the outlaws of the continent generally. What they lacked in the way of arms, they made up in numbers and reckless disregard of personal danger. He met the first force sent against him on the Island of Abbas, 200 miles south of Khartoum, the capital of Soudan. These soldiers he slew to the last man before they could use their firearms. Achmet then withdrew to a mountain retreat, where thousands flocked to his standard, among them hundreds of the slave-hunters of the White Nile, and depredations from the many Arab tribes. Soudan itself has but 1,000,000 people, and can muster but about 50,000 fighting men, but African tribes sent heavy reinforcements. The Governor of Fashoda next went recklessly against Achmet with 800 men, but he perished, and all his force, save seventy soldiers. In June, 1882, the False Prophet was met in Kordofan district, in which is situated El Obeid, by Giegler Pasha, the Governor-General, with 3,500 Egyptian troops. Achmet presented in opposition a force of 7,000 men, mainly armed with spears and long knives. They attacked the Egyptian regulars with such ferocity that they were compelled to throw down their arms and flee, and the greater portion of them was destroyed.

These victories greatly enlarged the power of the False Prophet. He knew the Egyptian soldiers, being of his religion, were not heartily loyal to the Khedive, and would fight for him with no deep earnestness, while his own followers would stand at no sacrifice. His troops were ill-fed, ragged, suffered from deprivation of ordinary necessities, and practiced on prisoners taken unheeded of barbary. They were such an incongruous multitude, that nothing but the most absolute belief in the superstition that moved them could reconcile them to one another, even their common sufferings under Egyptian rule not being sufficient to inspire them with a common patriotism. Achmet now ruled the Soudan absolutely, and has practically done so ever since—that is to say, since about the time of the arrival of the English troops in Egypt to suppress Arabi Pasha in the summer of 1882, and the epidemic of the present year, if more evidence were needed, afford ample proof of the efficacy of quarantine.

When it fails, it is usually on account of laxity and carelessness of administration."

It must be borne in mind that this opinion is based on facts demonstrated in the reports of the San Francisco Board of Health, and the epidemic of the present year, and the epidemic of the present year, if more evidence were needed, afford ample proof of the efficacy of quarantine.

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## RECOLLECTIONS.

There are quaint and sunny pictures. Hanking on the dear old wall, Of a house now old in fashion, And a rich ancient man. Then the bright Jovian laughter Floating down the aisle of Time; Before the cloud of sorrow Overshadowed pleasure's rhyme. There are eyes that shone in brightness, Like the silver lamp of health; Hing in the cloud which could not break Life's golden web; the calmness of death, The smile of the calm dead sea; That severed joy from sorrow. That severed these from me. Yet I know the silver lining Has long since rolled away; Please to let me hold it back. Heart, desk, and gray. Haws in the light of the morning, And the evening's roseate hue; While the hand of the smiling Father Has swept away the dew. —Arne, in Inter Ocean.

## THE RIGHTFUL H. IR.

For some weeks past the engagement between the Earl of Beauvray and Miss Millie Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newspapers, and the marriage was appointed to take place in July. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky girl, for Lord Beauvray was a wealthy and well-looking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his sunny temper and uprightness of character. Lord Beauvray had been married without being noticed. He was the most irreproachable of gentlemen, just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among that bouquet of pretty girls who had been presented at court in the same season as herself. Millie Moyle was a rich heiress as well as a pretty girl; but this was about all that could be said of her. Her father, Josiah Moyle, a tall bill-discounter of Lombard street, was the next man of the city prominent. It was said that the peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of his lordship's intention to marry the daughter of a man whose antecedents were just a little misty.

One sunny afternoon, just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage, a brougham with a coronet on the panels clattered up to Mr. Moyle's business house and Lord Beauvray alighted, ghostly pale. The hall porter was startled by his appearance, not less than by the broken voice in which he inquired if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr. Moyle himself strutted out, all gowned with a geranium in his coat and a white handkerchief a-cock on his pointed gray head.

"Ah, Beauvray!" cried he, with a cheerful welcome, but perceiving the look on the peer's face, he exclaimed, "Why what is the matter? Not ill, I hope?"

"No, not ill, but I want to speak to you in private," said Beauvray, hoarsely. "Shall we go off in the phaeton?" stammered Mr. Moyle, full of uneasiness.

"No, into your room; but let us be quite alone," repeated the earl, and he himself led the way to the office.

Plumping down into the arm-chair at the writing-table, Mr. Moyle stared in bewilderment at the man seated at the desk opposite and produced a blue envelope with several black seals. Laying this on his table, Beauvray placed his hand on it and looked into the financier's eyes.

"Mr. Moyle," said he, sadly, "I have a painful communication to make, but I will not beat about the bush. I find that I have no legal right to the title which I bear, or to the fortune which I am using."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Moyle, with a gasp.

"I made the discovery this morning in rummaging through a box of deeds, containing Lord Beauvray, who had been steadily ill. You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the second son, died while I was a boy; my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied that he had been clandestinely married, and left a son—a lad whom you know, by the way, for I have seen him in your house. His name is Timbrel."

"Timbrel!" echoed Mr. Moyle, with a start. "Young Timbrel, who used to be a clerk in our firm, and whom I dismissed for presuming to make love to Millie."

"I was not aware of those particulars," said Lord Beauvray; "but young Timbrel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and he used to think that he was the natural son of my second uncle; but his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timbrel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wife at this moment, with not a shilling in his pockets, I'll be bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all estates and properties."

"My poor father left me nothing but pittance. When I put Timbrel in possession of his own, I shall have nothing but my commission in the Guards and about £300 a year."

"Come, come, don't say such bush," blurted out old Moyle, grasping his nose again. It had just occurred to him that Lord Beauvray was hoaxing.

"He wants to find out whether our Millie loves himself or his title," reflected George, with a smile. "You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the second son, died while I was a boy; my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied that he had been clandestinely married, and left a son—a lad whom you know, by the way, for I have seen him in your house. His name is Timbrel."

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"He wants to find out whether our Millie loves himself or his title," reflected George, with a smile. "You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the second son, died while I was a boy; my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied that he had been clandestinely married, and left a son—a lad whom you know, by the way, for I have seen him in your house. His name is Timbrel."

"Timbrel!" echoed Mr. Moyle, with a start. "Young Timbrel, who used to be a clerk in our firm, and whom I dismissed for presuming to make love to Millie."

"I was not aware of those particulars," said Lord Beauvray; "but young Timbrel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and he used to think that he was the natural son of my second uncle; but his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timbrel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wife at this moment, with not a shilling in his pockets, I'll be bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all estates and properties."

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**THE DAILY RECORD-UNION**

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Bar Notices, to those reading master, twenty-five cents each for insertion.

Advertisements of Situations Wanted, Housekeeping, Let, Sold or Required, and all other classes of Notices may be inserted in the DAILY RECORD-UNION as follows:

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Three times... 75 cents

One week, to continue a line, 75 cents

One month, to continue a line, 175 cents

The WEEKLY UNION

is the cheapest and most reliable Home, News and Literary Journal published on the Pacific coast.

Terra, One Year... \$2.00

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One Square, 1 time... \$2.00

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The OLD PIANO.

How still and dusky in the long-drawn room!

What lingering shadows and what faint perfume!

Of Eastern treasures, sandal wood and scents;

With hard and heavy, with roses blunt;

Let in the sunshine.

Quaint cabinets here, hexes and fans;

And pictures, and carvings, and plans; I pass them by. I carry once more to see;

The old piano, a memory to memory,

Pass day by day.

All its voices from forgotten years

Are the wretched, see when winter tears

Drop the leaves, the snows, the east, and slow,

I play some melody of long ago.

How strange it seems!

The thin, weak notes that once were rich and

strong;

Give only now the shadow of a song,

The dying echo of the fatter strain;

That I shall have, and have again,

Unseen, in dream.

What hands have touched it? Fingers small and

white, Since stff and weak life's toll and fight;

Dear clinging hands, how long have been at rest;

Folded surely on a quiet break,

Only to think.

O, white, soft notes, of all the pleasant days!

The holly song, the hymns of holy praise,

The dreams of love and youth that round you

cling;

Do they not make each sighing, trembling string

All its musicians gone beyond recall?

The beautiful, the loved, where are they all?

Each told its secrets, touched its joys and woes,

To thoughts of many a longs a don'ts,

All are silent now, the farewell said,

The last song sung, the last tear shed;

Yet love has given it many moments to keep

In this close room, only shadows creeps.

And silence lingers.

The old piano answers to my call,

And from my fingers lets the soft notes fall,

O, soul that I have loved, with heavenly birth

Wait thou not me, I have but

One end, and sighs,

Shall wood and metal and white ivory,

Answer the touch of love and melody,

And thus forget me, I have but

One more thought, though how I may not know,

Beyond the skies.

—Little E. Barr.

**THE WONDERS OF THE HUMAN EAR.**

Such scientists as Helmholtz and Conte and De Blainville and Rank and Buck have attempted to walk the Appian Way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden but by two feet—the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side of the head—the external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages adored by precious stones or precious metals. The Temple of Jerusalem partly built by the contribution of ear-rings, and Homer, in the "Iliad," speaks of Hera, "the three bright drops" her glittering gems suspended from the ear! and many of the adornments of our day are only copies of ear-jewels found in Pompeian museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and the internal ear are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Almighty. The stroke of death of this organ sets the air vibrating, and the external ear catches the undulating sound, and passing through the bones of the middle ear, and the 3,000 fibers of the human brain take up the vibration and roll the sounds into the soul.

The hidden machinery of the ear, by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike—like the anvil, something to be smitten—like the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed—like the drum, beaten in the march—like the harp strings to be swept with the hand—like the bow—like a "small-sail" in which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually called—like a stairway, the seid to ascend—like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and round like a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. A muscle contracts when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax, which with its bitterness discourages insectile invasion. The internal ear imbedded in bone is far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and durability.

The ear so strange a contrivance that by the estimate of one scientist it can catch the sound of 73,700 vibrations in a second.

The outer ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche or the hum of a bee. The sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another mechanism, divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and coming to the inner door of the second ear, the sound has no power to come further until another divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner ear, and then the sound comes the rail-track of the brain-brackets and rolls on and on until it comes to repose, and then the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: "Thus far and no further."

In this vestibule of the palace of the soul, how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of lifelong study and got no further than the vestibule. Mysterious home of reverberation and echo! Grand Central Depot of sound! Headquarters to which there run quick dispatches, part the way by carriage, part the way by horse—the slowest despatch ploughing into the ear at the speed of 1,000 feet a second.—[Dr. Talmage, in Leslie's Sunday Magazine.]

**Berkshire Bills.**

Mr. Joseph Kenyon, of Oss, Berkshire County, Mass., certifies that he has rheumatism so bad that he could not raise his hand to his head until he tried a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. By using it a few times he was entirely cured.

• • •

COMPULSORY CREMATION. Cremation has become lawful in Portugal, and the priests, who have opposed it with all their power, Cremation has been made optional in ordinary cases, but compulsory where plague exists. As the religious feelings of all countries are closely associated with the burial of the dead, and that with the burial of the dead, and that especially in countries where a highly religious feeling prevails, it would look as if it were to use excess to any concessions on this figure. Making inquiries among the dealers in Portugal, it was found that the price was reduced to \$1.80 that a buyer was found for 100 tons. Seller 1883 delivery was part with the extent of 200 tons.

At the Grand Exchange this afternoon the sales in No. 3 White were limited to 100 tons, buyer 1883, at \$1.80, and 100 do, seller 1883, at \$1.80 cwt per ton. Quotations of No. 2 grades at leading centers to

"DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile pills for the cure of neuralgia are a success."

Dr. G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va., cents at druggists.

**SAN FRANCISCO MARKET REVIEW.**

[REPORTED FOR THE SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION.]

General Merchandise.

SAN FRANCISCO—Cannons Wheat Bags a firm at 75¢/doz for spec. lots, and 74¢/doz for Potato Gunnes, 14¢/doz.

BREAD.—The revised price list of the California Building Company quotes lots in cases of 25, 50 and 100 lbs. as follows: Crackers 11c; Congee and Coconuts 12c; Taffy Cakes, each 1c; Vina Ices, each 1c; Alphabet, Charms Assorted Extra, Excelsior, Ginger, Glace, Slices, Cakes, Jellies, Liqueur, Lemon, Pineapple, Pralines, Rice Jumbles, each 12c; Butter, Cracker Meal, Cream, Galantine, Gravy, Ham, Bacon, Eggs, each 1c; Sugar Cakes, 10c; Boston Butter, Crackers, Meats, Cream, Galantine, Gravy, Ham, Bacon, Eggs, each 1c; Butter, 10c; Butter, 12c; Butter, Extra, Santa Clara, Water, Water and Wine, each 1c; So. Picnic 6c; Soda Extra 1c; Tea, each 1c; Coffee, 12c; Sweets, 12c; Vina Ices, each 1c; Puff Pastry, 12c; Fread, 12c; Shab Bread, 3c; Butter, 10c; Butter, 12c; Butter, 14c; Butter, 16c; Butter, 18c; Butter, 20c; Butter, 22c; Butter, 24c; Butter, 26c; Butter, 28c; Butter, 30c; Butter, 32c; Butter, 34c; Butter, 36c; Butter, 38c; Butter, 40c; Butter, 42c; Butter, 44c; Butter, 46c; Butter, 48c; Butter, 50c; Butter, 52c; Butter, 54c; Butter, 56c; Butter, 58c; Butter, 60c; Butter, 62c; Butter, 64c; Butter, 66c; Butter, 68c; Butter, 70c; Butter, 72c; Butter, 74c; Butter, 76c; Butter, 78c; Butter, 80c; Butter, 82c; Butter, 84c; Butter, 86c; Butter, 88c; Butter, 90c; Butter, 92c; Butter, 94c; Butter, 96c; Butter, 98c; Butter, 100c; Butter, 102c; Butter, 104c; Butter, 106c; Butter, 108c; Butter, 110c; Butter, 112c; Butter, 114c; Butter, 116c; Butter, 118c; Butter, 120c; Butter, 122c; Butter, 124c; Butter, 126c; Butter, 128c; Butter, 130c; Butter, 132c; Butter, 134c; Butter, 136c; Butter, 138c; Butter, 140c; Butter, 142c; Butter, 144c; Butter, 146c; Butter, 148c; Butter, 150c; Butter, 152c; Butter, 154c; Butter, 156c; Butter, 158c; Butter, 160c; Butter, 162c; Butter, 164c; Butter, 166c; Butter, 168c; Butter, 170c; Butter, 172c; Butter, 174c; Butter, 176c; Butter, 178c; Butter, 180c; Butter, 182c; Butter, 184c; Butter, 186c; Butter, 188c; Butter, 190c; Butter, 192c; Butter, 194c; Butter, 196c; Butter, 198c; Butter, 200c; Butter, 202c; Butter, 204c; Butter, 206c; Butter, 208c; Butter, 210c; Butter, 212c; Butter, 214c; Butter, 216c; Butter, 218c; Butter, 220c; Butter, 222c; Butter, 224c; Butter, 226c; Butter, 228c; Butter, 230c; Butter, 232c; Butter, 234c; Butter, 236c; Butter, 238c; Butter, 240c; Butter, 242c; Butter, 244c; Butter, 246c; Butter, 248c; Butter, 250c; Butter, 252c; Butter, 254c; Butter, 256c; Butter, 258c; Butter, 260c; Butter, 262c; Butter, 264c; Butter, 266c; Butter, 268c; Butter, 270c; Butter, 272c; Butter, 274c; Butter, 276c; Butter, 278c; Butter, 280c; Butter, 282c; Butter, 284c; Butter, 286c; Butter, 288c; Butter, 290c; Butter, 292c; Butter, 294c; Butter, 296c; Butter, 298c; Butter, 300c; Butter, 302c; Butter, 304c; Butter, 306c; Butter, 308c; Butter, 310c; Butter, 312c; Butter, 314c; Butter, 316c; Butter, 318c; Butter, 320c; Butter, 322c; Butter, 324c; Butter, 326c; Butter, 328c; Butter, 330c; Butter, 332c; Butter, 334c; Butter, 336c; Butter, 338c; Butter, 340c; Butter, 342c; Butter, 344c; Butter, 346c; Butter, 348c; Butter, 350c; Butter, 352c; Butter, 354c; Butter, 356c; Butter, 358c; Butter, 360c; Butter, 362c; Butter, 364c; Butter, 366c; Butter, 368c; Butter, 370c; Butter, 372c; Butter, 374c; Butter, 376c; Butter, 378c; Butter, 380c; Butter, 382c; Butter, 384c; Butter, 386c; Butter, 388c; Butter, 390c; Butter, 392c; Butter, 394c; Butter, 396c; Butter, 398c; Butter, 400c; Butter, 402c; Butter, 404c; Butter, 406c; Butter, 408c; Butter, 410c; Butter, 412c; Butter, 414c; Butter, 416c; Butter, 418c; Butter, 420c; Butter, 422c; Butter, 424c; Butter, 426c; Butter, 428c; Butter, 430c; Butter, 432c; Butter, 434c; Butter, 436c; Butter, 438c; Butter, 440c; Butter, 442c; Butter, 444c; Butter, 446c; Butter, 448c; Butter, 450c; Butter, 452c; Butter, 454c; Butter, 456c; Butter, 458c; Butter, 460c; Butter, 462c; Butter, 464c; Butter, 466c; Butter, 468c; Butter, 470c; Butter, 472c; Butter, 474c; Butter, 476c; Butter, 478c; Butter, 480c; Butter, 482c; Butter, 484c; Butter, 486c; Butter, 488c; Butter, 490c; Butter, 492c; Butter, 494c; Butter, 496c; Butter, 498c; Butter, 500c; Butter, 502c; Butter, 504c; Butter, 506c; Butter, 508c; Butter, 510c; Butter, 512c; Butter, 514c; Butter, 516c; Butter, 518c; Butter, 520c; Butter, 522c; Butter, 524c; Butter, 526c; Butter, 528c; Butter, 530c; Butter, 53

## PACIFIC SLOPE.

The Colton Case—An Aggrieved Grand Jury—News from Arizona—Hay Wagon—House Burned—Inception Near Grass Valley—New Coal Discovery in Utah—Advices from British Columbia—E. C.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

## CALIFORNIA.

### A Grand Jury Insulted.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23d.—The Grand Jury sat yesterday in the Court-room of Department Eleven, and foreman W. T. Garrett called the attention of the Court to the fact that G. W. Tyler, counsel for Miss Hill, in the Hill-Sharon case, had addressed a letter to the jury, and the Grand Jury had been moved to seat in their pur-jury room. The letter, he stated, was not only grossly libelous and scandalous toward the Grand Jury, but was an attempt to intimidate them in the discharge of their duty. The Court at once made an order that "a solemn and formal show of contempt" should not be punished for contempt, and that the offensive document should be sealed and kept in the custody of the Clerk, warning the reporters present that a publication of the document would be deemed punishable by the Court. The Ballot was sent after Tyler.

### Hanlon the Orphan.

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### The Colton Stanford Suit.

SANTA ROSA, November 23d.—In the Colton case to-day Mr. Dutton's cross-examination was concluded. The deposition of James Whitley was then introduced in evidence, pending the reading of which a recess was taken till 2 o'clock.

[SECOND DISPATCH.] SANTA ROSA, November 23d.—After recess to-day the trial of the Colton case went on. The testimony of the Court until the hour of adjournment. The further hearing of the case was then continued until Tuesday, December 4, 1883.

### Undoubted Incendiarism.

GRASS VALLEY, November 23d.—Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the roof of the wooden building over the mouth of the shaft at the Peabody mine, just in the suburbs of town. The fire was soon extinguished by the parties who discovered it, with the aid of the men at the mine. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries, but nothing certain for it to have caught in any other way.

### Fire in Alameda County.

CENTREVILLE, November 23d.—A large hay warehouse at Jarvis landing was burned last night. It was full of hay, and partly insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

### ARIZONA.

**Dead Body Found.** TUCSON, November 23d.—M. J. Campbell returned last night from Gunsite. He reports that about seventy miles from Tucson his party found a body, remaining in a mud hole, by the roadside. Some of the flesh was left on the bones, and also some clothing. They judged deceased to have been an American. They marked the spot, and came to Tucson.

**Wife-Beater Punished—Trial for Forgery—Examination for Insanity.**

TOMBSTONE, November 23d.—A Mexican named Jaime arrived at Tombstone yesterday from Pearce for 25 days for beating his wife. The Mexican seared a rope in water to make it pliable, and compelling the woman to strip, beat her in a fearful manner.

The trial of J. O. Dunbar, formerly editor of the *Republican* and late County Treasurer, for forgery and larceny in the District Court. The case was given to the jury at 9 o'clock this morning. They are still out, with no prospects of an agreement. The general impression is that the jury will not convict if they remain.

George Clinton, charged with murder, is under examination to day for insanity.

### Verdict of Not Guilty.

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### NEVADA.

**Testimony All In.** CARSON, November 23d.—The testimony in the Holmes-Belle case is all in. The lawyers are addressing the jury, and the case will go to the jury to-morrow.

### UTAH.

**Coal Discovery—Indignant Mormons—The Railroad War.**

SALT LAKE, November 23d.—A new coal find has been made within twenty miles of this city.

The Mormon organ to-night is very bitter on the circulation of the exposure of Mormonism among the Southern people. It says the "feelings of the people are embittered thoroughly against the Elders," and it denounces the authors of the exposure bitterly.

A prominent official of the Denver and Rio Grande, here to-day, says the war of his road with the Union Pacific on Utah freight will continue, and a pacific policy regarding the road is now considered. It is believed the present journey is taken for a like purpose. A large number of people have gone to Lincoln in expectation of an encounter of some character.

### OREGON.

**Advices from Portland.** PORTLAND, November 23d.—Henry Meyer, convicted of grand larceny, was sentenced this morning to four years in the Penitentiary.

Captain John Harlow, an old pioneer steamboat man, died to day near this city, aged 63, after a long illness.

A man whose name could not be ascertained was very badly crushed between two flat cars at Benton, W. T., last night. His injuries are of an internal character, and pronounced fatal.

Arnold Coates, an old pioneer, living near Echo, Or., dropped dead yesterday of heart disease, aged 64 years.

Cyrus Powers, aged 50, one of the oldest pioneers of the State, died suddenly to-day in Benton, county, Or.

Owing to a very heavy sand-storm below Wallula Junction, all trains going east and coming west on the Northern Pacific Railroad were blockaded for twenty hours. It is thought our train will reach here to-night. A very large force of men are engaged clearing the track.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

**Items from Victoria.** VICTORIA, November 23d.—Dr. Masters, of New Westminster, arraigned for malpractice in concoulement, was found not guilty.

Mrs. Adams, Innes, of Langtry Prairie, is dead.

Dr. R. Wright has arrived, and reports the fall of snow at Eagle Pass sixteen inches in depth. All work is suspended, but twenty-five miles of road have been completed.

A great fire occurred here this morning in Chinatown, and the Chinese quarter was destroyed. About forty houses were burnt down. There is small insurance. Two Chinese theaters and several good business houses are gone. The principal sufferers are Lin Chin & Co., Sing Gee, Cung Tai, Gon, Ga, Ping, Fung Lee, and others. The first named, a merchant, lost \$10,000 of stock; insured for \$30,000. The rest was not insured. The area of the fire was 350 by 240 feet.

### SACRAMENTO ITEMS.

The amended fire ordinances were considered by the Supervisors Tuesday. Fifteen were adopted.

Eighteen Chinamen were allowed to land from the City of Peking Thursday on writs of habeas corpus.

James C. Morris, phonographic reporter of the Police Court Department, on Tuesday examined Friday by a committee of the bar as to his competence. He made a record of 182 words for five consecutive minutes.

The hearing of the application of William Sharon for the transference of the Hill-Sharon cases to the United States Circuit Court, on the ground that the defendant is a resident of Nevada, has been postponed by consent of counsel till Monday, at 10 o'clock.

## CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Flashes of News from all Parts of the World.

It has been decided to continue the Ship Island quarantine station during the winter.

For whipping a one-armed man in Chicago, Charles W. Faulkner has been forced to pay \$1,000.

At the forthcoming banquet to be given in Dublin to Parnell, speeches will be delivered in honor of Dr. Stebbins, at whose house Mr. Mozoomdar has been a guest during his stay in this city, some thirty or forty business men, clergymen and literatos assembled to hold a parting conversation with the Oriental Apostle concerning his native land, and bid him farewell. The scene during the interview was as very peculiar as for this latitude. After the place arranged around the room were all occupied by the elder gentlemen, the others sat down on the carpet in the center, Eastern fashion, with legs crossed, and the swarthy Mozoomdar among them. Thus seated they plied him with questions concerning India, which he answered, one after another, for an hour and a half with great readiness and clearness, interspersing occasional salutes of wit and humor in his replies. The following may be taken as specimens of the questions and answers:

"What is the effect of the British rule had upon the poorer classes in India?" "They have not been benefited by the middle classes have, but their condition is rather worse than before. We have really no native class there. There are those who beg, but it is a profession with them, and they are not necessarily poor. The best people in India, the scholars, teachers, etc., do nothing—they are supported by the free-will offerings of others who consider they are honored by being allowed to contribute to their support."

"How do the people submit to the heavy exacting laid upon them by the Government?" "Uncomplainingly for the most part, as of an infliction from which there is no possible way of escape. The native princes, rajas, live very sumptuously and enjoy heavy incomes. (Dr. Stebbins mentioned that a daughter of Chunder Sen, the head of the Brahmo Samaj—a poor man, having only for his support such voluntary contributions as might be made by his people—married, not long ago, one of these native princes, who has an income amounting to over \$1,000,000 a year.)

"To what extent has the Act of 1872 recognizing civil marriages, been adopted, to the centennial of Evacuation Day? Monday brings fair weather, the parade will be such a one in New York, never before seen."

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the payment of three hundred in the 12th call, whenever presented for redemption prior to their maturity, February 1st, with interest to date of presentation.

Developments show the late A. B. Johnson, of Utica, N. Y., to have been a defaulter to the tune of \$300,000 to the McDonnell estate. Mrs. Johnson is a sister to Johnson, who is an entire stranger to him.

Monseigneur Hudston, Rector of the North American College, gave a banquet at Rome Thursday to the American Bishops. Among the guests were Cardinals Howard, Simeon and Jacobini, with numerous other dignitaries.

In the sensational Crouch murder at Jackson, Mich., the report now is that the family members of the deceased were drugged. A quantity of the cedar remaining has been sent to Ann Arbor for analysis. There is still no clue to the murderer.

In Liverpool, Thursday, a meeting of the creditors of Morris Ranger, the cotton broker who failed recently, was held. It was shown that he had unsecured liabilities of £80,000 and assets of only £9,000. A committee was appointed to work on his affairs.

The London police, last night, arrested a man named Wolff, a member of the Advanced Socialists' Club of London, and found in the house two infernal machines that were of sufficient power to demolish any building. Wolff's machines are thought to have been intended to blow up the German Embassy at London.

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